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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1879.

NUMBER 19.

POETRY.

Does Any One Care For Father?

Does any one care aught for father?
 Does any one think of the one
 Upon whose tired, bent shoulders,
 The cares of the family come?
 The father who strives for your comfort,
 And toils on from day to day,
 Although his steps ever grow slower,
 And his dark locks are turning to gray.

Does any one think of the due bills
 He's called upon daily to pay?
 Milliners' bills, college bills, doctors' bills,
 There are some kind of bills every day!
 Like a patient horse in a treadmill,
 He works on from morning till night.
 Does any one think he is tired,
 Does any one make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled,
 To say he's as cross as a bear?
 Kind words, little actions of kindness,
 Might banish his burden of care.
 'Tis for yourself he is ever so anxious,
 He will toil for you while he may live,
 In return he only asks kindness,
 And such a pay it is easy to give.

PRIMITIVE CONSCIENCE.

[Canadian Illustrated News.]

In the issue of the *News* of March 29th, an article appears under the above heading, containing quotations from Warring Wilkinson's article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, denying that deaf-mutes have a primitive conscience, and requesting my views on the subject. My attention has also been called to the article by letters from parents of deaf-mutes and others interested in their education. I will, with your leave, endeavor to state my own views, and what I know of deaf-mutes from over twenty years' experience in their education.

The writer of the article in the *Popular Science Monthly* is the Principal of the California Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and a gentleman of very liberal education and large experience, which should have some weight with the public. I would moreover state that the subject is not a new one, at least not to those engaged in the education of deaf-mutes. An article from my pen embodying the same views, and setting forth the deplorable condition of the *uneducated* deaf-mute, appeared some years ago in an English newspaper, and reference was also made to this same subject in the first annual report of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes, in 1871. Other writers, eminent men and teachers of great experience, have also published the same views regarding the mental darkness of the deaf-mute before instruction.

By saying that deaf-mutes have not a *primary* conscience, it must be borne in mind that the *uneducated congenital* mutes, or those who lost their hearing early in infancy, are referred to. I have long believed, and, after nearly twenty years' experience as a teacher, still believe, that "conscience" as now understood—the internal self-knowledge or judgment of right and wrong, or the knowledge of our own actions as well as those of others—is an *acquired faculty* in the deaf-mute. It is, I believe, education that brings conscience to him. We possess no record of a congenital deaf-mute who, by his own unaided efforts, has found the being of a God, or discovered the fact of his own immortality. His mind is indeed dark and inert—in fact, hermetically sealed. How could it be otherwise in his condition? Locke says that man has no innate ideas, but that his mind in early infancy is like a *blank sheet* of paper, ready to receive any external impressions. So with the uneducated deaf-mute. His mind remains a blank as long as he is uninstructed. The famous Abbe Sicard, of Paris, a world-renowned teacher of deaf-mutes, says that "a deaf-mute (congenital and uninstructed) is a perfect cipher, a living automaton. He possesses not the sure instinct by which the animal creation is guided. He is alone in nature, with no possible exercise of his intellectual faculties which remain without action." Sicard, however, refers to the deaf-mutes of his day, nearly a hundred years ago, when, through neglect, and being hidden away from society as a family disgrace, the germs of the rational and moral faculties were scarcely manifested. Such treatment of deaf-mutes in our own time is rare, and, with kindness and sympathy from the beginning, their minds have received considerable development. If conscience means internal self-knowledge, or judgment of right and wrong, a mind so dark, so inert, and wholly uninstructed as that of the uneducated congenital deaf-mute, could not reasonably be expected to possess anything like it. Uneducated deaf-mutes seldom exhibit computations of conscience when they have done anything wrong, but such symptoms gradually appear as the deaf-mute grows older and some instruction is imparted. The testimony of educated deaf-mutes themselves goes to support this view, and the personal experience and observation of the writer confirms it to a great extent.

The intellectual condition of the congenital deaf-mute, before instruction, is little *above* that of the more intelligent brutes, and *lower* than that of the most unenlightened savages. All philologists and mental philosophers agree that it is the gift of language that chiefly distinguishes man from the brutes, and that without it he would have little claim to the title of a rational being. The testimony of educated deaf-mutes throws much light upon the amount of knowledge they possessed before coming under systematic instruction. Very few of them had any idea of the creation of the world, or of the plants and animals which it contains. Their own reflections, and all the imperfect attempts of their friends to instruct them, have failed to give them any idea of the existence of a God or the soul. We need not wonder at this when we read that Ovid, who lived in the learned and polished era of Augustus, expressed the popular belief of his time in the theory that all things were produced by the due union of heat and moisture, which shows that deaf-mutes have not been alone in their utter ignorance of the existence of a Creator. The existence of the soul after death has never occurred to the uneducated mute. All the efforts of anxious parents to convey some idea to this end have failed. The pointing to the fire to convey an idea of hell impresses the mute that the body will be thrown into a fire for some cause by some person at some indefinite time. One English deaf-mute, known to the writer, whose home was within sight of the parish church and the county jail, had his notions of heaven and hell formed by his mother always pointing to one or the other of those buildings according to the nature of his conduct or actions. If he required reproof she would point to the jail and the fire, but if she wished to show that she was pleased with his behaviour she would pat his head and point to the church and then upwards and assume a reverent look. From this mode of control the deaf-mute formed his idea that the church was the place for those who had fine clothes and were well behaved, and that the minister was the object of worship or admiration. The jail he thought was for the poor, the drunkard, and those who robbed orchards, who were there cast bodily into a fire. Having observed a man in the street whom he once saw taken into jail, his astonishment was very great on finding that neither the man's person nor his clothes had been burned. The next time his mother threatened him with the terrors of the jail and the fire for misconduct, he gazed at her with a look of incredulity, shook his head and laughed. Queer ideas about death have been entertained by uneducated deaf-mutes. Most of them have thought that death was only sleep, and to put a body in a coffin and bury it seemed to them to be an act of cruelty. They have no sense of moral wrong-doing. They think they ought to be allowed to do just as they please, no matter what it may be. A most intelligent lady, a congenital mute, who had reached a mature age before receiving any systematic instruction, confessed that she had been practicing falsehood for many years without the slightest notion that she was doing wrong. This is not an uncommon fault with people. Another of great intelligence had been in the habit of falsehood and dishonesty without any compunctions of conscience. He never dreamed that he was doing wrong, and only dreaded the punishment which followed detection. Many instances could be cited if necessary from deaf-mute testimony in support of the assertion that the *uneducated* deaf-mute has no moral sense of right and wrong. He is a practical *atheist*, and if his friends have tried to give him an idea of a Supreme Power and such takes root in his mind, his conceptions on the point are most vague and unsatisfactory. Teachers of deaf-mutes have frequently watched the gradual development of the mind of their new pupils. It is found that, by associating among the other pupils, the new arrivals will soon gain the idea of a Being existing above "who can see them, and is angry when they behave badly," and the pointing upwards is often used by one pupil as a check upon another who is inclined to be naughty. Sometimes it has this effect, but I have more than once seen the admonitions defied by young deaf-mutes who had not yet obtained clear ideas on the subject. I have seen them disputing and their antagonistic principles aroused when one has been desirous of saying something especially annoying to his opponent, who, he knows, has a reverence for the Being above, and is shocked when anything is said against Him. He will say in his signs "God-bad," not knowing his blasphemy, yet with a secret shrug that he has gained his point, beaten his antagonist, who rushes with horror expressed on his countenance to report to his teacher the profanity of the other.

When the deaf-mute is put under careful control he comes to associate in his mind a line of conduct with what

produces pain, and another line of conduct with what produces pleasure. Out of this grows a *sort of conscience* which leads him to be sorrowful when he does certain things, and to be glad when he does the contrary. This conscience is entirely dependent upon the person to whom he is subjected. "Given a good master," says Dr. Peet, the highest authority in America, "and he will be very likely to have a kind of moral sense that will be a safe guide in the life he leads, and will bring about habits that will be useful to him hereafter." So quite the reverse will be his conduct if he be placed under a bad master. He may be obedient, diligent, affectionate, habitually honest, but it will be owing to the influence of kind and firm control and good example—not to the higher moral and religious motives that are addressed to children who hear. He is too often self-willed, passionate, prone to secret vices and suspicions, but these bad qualities are generally the outcome of parental indulgence, and in having been the butt of thoughtless young people.

Is the uneducated deaf-mute morally and legally responsible? is a question which has been often discussed. In many criminal cases, both in Europe and America, uneducated deaf-mutes have frequently figured for murder, but they have been treated as irresponsible beings and no sentence has been passed on them.

There can be no more pitiable object than an uneducated deaf-mute, except where blindness is added to that of deafness. His condition points to conclusions which cannot be evaded. It is the duty of society to provide for his instruction at the proper age, and it is criminal on the part of parents and guardians who neglect to secure for their unfortunate child the benefits within their reach. To the deaf-mute education means *everything*. It means intercourse with fellow-men, hope, happiness, the pleasant communion with the highest intellectual achievements of men of all countries and all ages, which we find in books. It makes life in this world enjoyable and gives him hope of salvation in the world to come. To deny the deaf-mute education is to keep his mind on a level with the brutes. "To the hearing child," says Dr. Peet, "every word spoken in his presence is a means of intellectual development. Every person, literate or illiterate, with whom he comes in contact is for the time his conscious or unconscious teacher. In fact school gives him so small a portion of the knowledge he possesses that it may be considered rather the regulator than the source of his attainments. To the deaf-mute it means hope, happiness; it means the full and free exercise of all the rights, immunities and privileges which belong to humanity." It is indeed astonishing that the deaf-mute and the methods employed in his instruction are so little understood by the public, even at the present day, and this is why many parents of deaf-mute children fail to appreciate the benefits those institutions established for their education confer on them. There are hundreds of deaf-mutes in the Province of Quebec totally uneducated,—irresponsible beings,—which means a danger to society and a reproach to our boasted civilization. Montreal has done nobly in this work, and Mr. Joseph Mackay's munificent gift will be *fully and justly* appreciated, but I fear not in our day and generation.

Montreal, 15th April, 1879.

PROF. JOE TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Joe Turner, deaf-mute missionary, acting under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold divine service for deaf-mutes and those interested in their welfare.

Sunday, May 4th, Nashville, Tenn.
 Wednesday, 7th, Jackson, Tenn.
 Sunday, 11th, Memphis, Tenn.
 Wednesday, 14th, Little Rock, Ark.
 Sunday, 18th, Austin, Texas.
 Wednesday, 21st, Houston, Texas.
 Sunday, 25th, Galveston, Texas.
 Friday, 30th, Jackson, Miss.
 Sunday, June 1st, New Orleans, La.
 Wednesday, 4th, Mobile, Ala.
 Sunday, 8th, Montgomery, Ala.
 Tuesday, 10th, Atlanta, Ga.
 Wednesday, 11th, Macon, Ga.
 Sunday, 15th, Savannah, Ga.
 Sunday, 22d, Charleston, S. C.
 Wednesday, 25th, Wilmington, N. C.
 Friday, 27th, Goldboro, N. C.
 Sunday, 29th, Petersburg, Va.
 Wednesday, July 2d, Annapolis, Md.
 Sunday, 6th, Baltimore, Md.
 Monday, 7th, York, Penn.
 Wednesday, 9th, Wilmington, Del.
 Thursday, 10th, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Sunday, 13th, Boston, Mass.

The New York *Times* has printed 32 columns of correspondence from various sections of the country, by over 170 writers, to show that Gen. Grant is the favorite Presidential Candidate with Republicans, and Gov. Tilden ahead with Democrats.

THAT FATEFUL MORNING.

BY WILBER N. SPARROW.

[The following graphic and interesting account of a sad accident which occurred at Eastham, about a year ago, is the more interesting from the fact that the writer is a deaf-mute and a resident of that place. Furthermore we think the former graduates of the National Deaf-Mute College and Mr. Sparrow's fellow-mates and friends would like to read this account.—Ed.]

On the morning of April 16, 1878, the sun shone serenely bright, diffusing his genial beams over the quiet town of Eastham. Nature robed herself with a mantle of gentle sweetness. The softening of the winter's severity into the "ethereal mildness" of spring enhanced the loveliness of the day. The hoarse din and clangor of fierce natural forces seemed lulled to a musical cadence. The pine forest, bathed in the sun, received magic hues and stood erect in serene majesty. The inland ponds and lakes, with mirror-like faces, reposed in dead calm. The furious Atlantic, that in rage lashes with terrific power the sandy shore of Cape Cod, subsided to a restless gentleness. Such was the general aspect of this morning, beautiful, alluring, and yet treacherous.

It was before "chanticleer had loud his clarion sounded" that a group of village fishing boats were dispatched over the gently-rolling surf. Mr. D—— and his son, Mr. N——, manned one of the boats. Physically Mr. D—— was a man of fine proportions and herculean sinews, and of ordinary stature. His mien betokened a man who had struggled and battled with might and main against the world. Yet, within that stern exterior, beat a heart responsive to the cry of the poor and the distressed, to the moan of the suffering and the wail of the friendless. Suffering humanity touched a sympathetic chord within his bosom, and his helping hand was never wanting. Self with him was a minor and secondary consideration. Every generous deed he enacted bore the impress of his noble inner self—a self which was occupied with consideration and solicitude for the welfare of others. In the capacity of husband and father he discharged his obligations with punctilious fidelity. To use the words of a townsman "he was a poor, but industrious and exemplary man."

Mr. N—— was a young man of five and twenty. In early childhood a misfortune befell him, in consequence of which he lost the sense of hearing and his power of speech was partially impaired. He was spending his first year of graduation from college in the home circle.

The father's provident care for the future prompted him to obtain, among other things, a good supply of codfish. Hence, this morning, he, with his son, had that object in view. Early, alert and in his usual cheerful spirits, he bade his affectionate invalid wife a good-bye. They surmounted the tiny rollers of the surf with facility. Arrived at a choice place they dropped anchor and cast out their lines. "The best time to catch fish is when they bite" is a truism uttered by old and experienced fishermen long ago. The expectations of our heroes were realized; for the fish did bite greedily, and a goodly quantity was caught. Mr. D——, elated at his good luck, said "We will have codfish and potatoes." Mr. N—— nodded assent. Here we leave them working at their lines.

Æolus, in a mood, as it were, to brew some mischief, sent forth a breeze and directed its course from the east. It was now flood-tide, and this fact conspired with the breeze to increase the magnitude of the waves. Such was the intensity of the breeze that the topmost part of the billows were transformed into foaming crests. The sky was nearly cloudless, and its azure serenity contrasted strikingly with the surging element below. The sunly beach, extending beyond the range of vision, seldom presented such a lovely aspect. From the profile of the cliffs, shot up bushes and trees. In the distance towered the three white conical lights of Nauset. Between the land and the sea, as it were a line of demarcation, was a belt of white, where the waves lashed foaming and roaring against the shore and retreated with spent fury that seemed the ruptured climax of accumulated rage.

About one hour and a half later, the bolts came to whence they started.—The small rollers of the surf were now swollen to mighty giants which vented their fury with a grating noise. The first boat had landed safely. The rest followed suit. Our heroes were among the last to attempt landing. "Will it be hard to land?" asked Mr. N——. "Not very hard," replied Mr. D——. While the latter looked landward, watching the boats flying over the breakers, the former called his attention to a gigantic foam-capped wave making rapid advance upon the stern of the boat. "Pull hard; pull hard"

cried the father. They put upon the oars all the strength they could under the circumstances summon. The pursuer, apparently maddened, bounded forward and with grating fury forcibly tore the oars from their grasp, and capsized the boat. The occupants were mercilessly hurled into the relentless surf,—where fates widely different from each other awaited them.

We will now listen to the tale of Mr. N——, who is our only reliable authority for the details of the event. "While still submerged, there flitted across my mind with incredible rapidity the most important facts I had read in English and American books on presence of mind in cases of drowning. My first care was to exercise composed will-power over my nervous system. Then by a paddling motion of the hands forward of the breast I brought myself somewhere. While still under water, I opened my eyes and at a glance comprehended my situation. I was directly under the upturned boat, and perceived a gleam of perturbed light along the rim. Without difficulty I extricated myself from this perilous position. I grasped the rim of the boat and saw father doing the same near the stern. 'Hold on hard,' I cried at the top of my voice; and he, as if his only satisfaction for the moment was to know that I was safe on the boat, returned a look of encouragement. This was the first and last time we had of transmitting expressions to each other. For, suddenly, a succession of breakers sent me under the water, each one washing over me before I could regain the surface after being submerged by its predecessor. The boat was once torn from my hold, but I almost instantly regained it. When the breakers washed over me at longer intervals, I had an opportunity to glance around. I looked toward the stern; but father was not there. Where was he! Poor man! he was off on the opposite side of the boat, not far away, attempting to swim shoreward. O how I hoped for him when hope for myself was failing. Again the sea lashed its fury upon me with redoubled energy. My limbs were becoming benumbed and nearly useless. Strangulation in a mild degree was operating upon my lungs. Desperate as my condition must then have been, yet my mind was calm, my power of perception clear, and my judgment deliberate; and to the exercise of these it is not improbable that my life is in part owing. Perceiving that, as I was becoming benumbed, my hold on the rim of the boat would soon be lost, I contrived to attain the head of the upturned boat by a hand-over-hand motion. Once there, with my left arm across my breast, I rested the weight of the upper part of my body on the bottom. I reached my right hand down and fixed it on to the rim, while I locked my legs about the head of the boat. In this condition were enacted the most desperate parts of my struggles. For, in proportion to the decrease in the control over my muscular power, the difficulties of my efforts were increased. A third glance around revealed nothing but father's coat afloat, snowy foam, and a group of men on the beach, one of whom, as I afterwards learned, was wondering how I could hold out so long and expecting that I should die every moment. While battling with the surf and tottering between life and death, a ray of hope awakened in me, for now I discerned a life boat shooting over the surf from landward.

Thanks to the humane provision of a benevolent government! Can it comprehend the intensity of gratitude that flows toward it from many a heart for establishing the Life Saving Service? How many a son has been spared to the endearments of his mother, to a sister's loving care! How many wives have been spared the doom of widowhood! How many useful members have been restored to society, as it were from the dead! In many particulars, indeed, if not in all, ours is a humane government.

To return, the life boat came along; but alas! the arm held out failed to seize me. An oar came under my chin. All attempt to move my arm in order to grasp it failed. The raging element separated the life boat from me. My strength was gone, my hope of relief was waning rapidly. The crew were hard at work. It seemed an hour. Apparently no nearer approach. At length I looked up. A mental shudder passed through me. Above me, on the top of a precipitous surf, was buoyed up the life boat. It seemed death. Down it shot. I felt a dull blow. I was conscious of having lost my hold, of being pulled up by the hair, and knew that I was in the life-boat. I was dimly aware of father's presence in the boat. How they landed the boat I know not, for partial unconsciousness possessed me. The crew took me out. I fell helpless on the strand. I was helped to the saving-station, where change of clothes and the administration of restoratives brought me to about my former self."

While Mr. N——, shivering all, over by the fire, was recovering himself, he witnessed the efforts of the crew for

the resuscitation of his father. At length he asked "Is there any hope for father?" "We have some hope for him," replied a townsman. The operation went on. At length he was told that there was no hope. At this his heart sank. He requested that some one might be sent to broach the sad news to his mother in the gentlest manner possible, for he himself dared not do it. With kind provision made for his comfort, he was borne home by the herald of the sad intelligence.

In the family room every thing presented a tidy appearance. The floor was clean and dustless from the recent sweeping. Here and there rugs were tastefully placed. The furniture had received a brighter lustre. House plants adorned the windows. The sunbeams enlivened the interior. The invalid wife and mother sat by the south window, and a lady was dressing her hair, when Mr. N—— entered. Her head was so turned that she did not notice him, yet not so as to preclude his noticing a smile playing over her features. He withdrew unseen and changed the garments of the Life Saving Station for his own, in order not to increase the grief of his mother.

Mr. N—— re-entered the room. His mother had been made acquainted with the sad event. Choked with sobs she held his hand in a manner which expressed what words would have failed to communicate and what souls alone in a sympathetic mood can conceive.

Mr. N—— was unconscious of any physical injury having been inflicted by the life-boat until the following day, when the pain in his left shoulder led to an examination. This revealed a large bruise on the shoulder-blade. Further examination developed the presence of bruises on different parts of the body. Later he discovered that, by injury to a process of the scapula, he was incapacitated for two weeks from using his left arm.

The funeral of the deceased was very largely attended, and from this fact it is to be inferred that Mr. D—— was dear to many a heart. The memories of the sphere in which he moved, acted, and had his being still impress the mourners. The deeds of the noble departed are alive and speak in words of monition. Though suddenly taken from among us, yet our loss is his gain. The wife and mother in her deep bereavement bears a double burden of affliction. Her cup of affliction is overflowing. With constitution broken down, it seems miraculous how she can bear with such patient fortitude this new affliction, which a merciful God has seen fit to bring upon her.

NORTH-WESTERN NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A few days ago Mr. Roth's barn, in Fairbairn, Minn., was burned. The fire caught from a bonfire started by his son, a deaf-mute, aged seven years.

Alexander Stephens, deaf-mute, educated at the Wisconsin school, while walking along the railroad track near Cross Plains, Wis., last Friday, was struck by a freight train, and so badly injured that his life is despaired of. There is to be a sociable, May 3d, in Minneapolis, at some deaf-mute man's house. I do not recollect his name. Also there is to be a meeting for deaf-mutes, at their rooms, May 4th. A teacher from Fairbairn lectures.

We have no deaf-mutes, who were educated at the Minnesota Institution, peddling in this State. The other States ought to follow our noble State's example.

It is now time to subscribe for the valuable JOURNAL. It gives its readers news, informations, etc., and its price is very low—\$1.50 a year. It is hoped that the JOURNAL, ere long, will be ahead of the Illinois *Deaf-Mute Advance*.

John H. Harris is to go out into the country with a United States surveying party to survey the reservations, in June, for his health.

The Minnesota wheat crop is all right, but it needs rain very much. The Mississippi River is very low this spring. It was never known to be so low for years before; no rains since April 1st; snowed very little last winter. It is hoped that wheat, etc., will be all right as soon as rains come.

I am satisfied with the Army bill which was passed by the United States Senate, and I hope it will pass over President Hayes veto.

Two weeks ago Jim Fry, pretending to be a deaf-mute, was begging for money, in St. Paul, for the support of two brothers. He was arrested as an impostor, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment.

The members of the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Association hope to have a picnic at Lake Minnetonka or Calhoun Lake on the fourth of July. It is hoped that it will be good.

The city of St. Paul is growing immensely. Its population, I judge, is about 45,000. It has eleven railroads, running north, south, east, and west. The railroad companies are going to build a union passenger depot 800 feet long and 160 feet wide this spring. It will be the largest depot west of Chicago.

ALICE.

St. Paul, Minn., April 29, 1879.

THE TIME TO TRAVEL.—"When," asks a young reader, "when is the time to travel?" When you hear her father's foot on the third step, young man, is about as good a time as any to start, and you can prolong the tour to suit your convenience and the length of the old man's cane. From the innocence with which you ask the question, we suppose you didn't travel until he was clear into the parlor. Served you right.

Deer and grouse are said to be dying out in the forests of Scotland.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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HELP THE EDITOR--HELP YOURSELVES.

How shall you do this? The problem is very easily solved, and in a very few words. Every subscriber of this paper can help us by sending us some news, at least, for the columns of the JOURNAL, and would oblige us very much by so doing. Not a subscriber have we but who is capable of gathering up and contributing certainly something of interest to the deaf and dumb. By so doing our readers will help themselves, help us, and help our paper. Another way of helping us and ourselves is open and clear to our readers: Let every subscriber procure another subscriber and our circulation will be doubled; then our "Auxiliary" system will become effective, and each subscriber, who pays up, annually in advance for the paper, will be the practical holder of an insurance policy. The "Auxiliary" plan will continue to hold good this year, if we get 300 new subscribers before April 1st, 1880, and it needs a little help from our readers to raise that number. We trust our friends will realize the force of our remarks, send us plenty of news for the paper, and help increase its circulation.

AN INJURY AND A FRAUD.

Do not become excited in anticipation of reading in this article the exposure of some gigantic fraudulent land sale, or the revelation of an immense swindling operation of some old and long trusted bank official; no communication of that kind at this time prompts our pen to "sling" the editorial quill. It often happens that minor circumstances converge to issues of great importance, and, freely confirmed in the opinion that what is by many looked upon as a matter of little consequence and by others as a matter of kindness, we take the liberty to criticize some of the teachers who do duty at institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb, and we do so in all kindness, having the greatest respect and friendship for that class of professional laborers.

We propose to offer a few brief remarks in respect to the conduct, in many cases, and in many deaf-mute schools, of the pupils' letter writing. From personal experience, and from present knowledge, we are aware of the fact that it is quite a common practice in deaf-mute institutions for pupils to write letters to their distant homes and friends, then have them looked over and corrected by their teachers, this being by both the former and latter considered as a matter of great kindness. That this practice, largely followed, leads to pernicious results there can be no doubt. In the first place, the parents or guardians of such pupils are led to suppose that the letters are entirely of the children's own productions, and they are thereby greatly deceived by being flattered into the belief that their educational progress is much better than it is, and the ultimate result is that the parents and friends (at home) of deaf-mute pupils are greatly disappointed as to their abilities; in the second place, it leads to the inculcation in the pupil of a taste for the practice of deception by palming off upon his friends or others as his own production what should be credited to another; and, in the third place, it is a positive injury to pupils themselves by fostering a spirit of dependence upon others, and ever lacking the manly and womanly independence to carry on correspondence irrespective of the assistance of other parties.

We have no harsh rebukes for those who entertain the opinion that overlooking and the dictating of pupils' letter writing is an advantage to the pupils, and perhaps a reasonable amount of criticism in that way brings

good results as far as it is applied to the first efforts of children at letter writing, but we fully believe that the sooner a child is taught to write his or her own letters without relying upon any one for assistance the better for the writer, as it will thus help him or her to be self-reliant.

Proper grammatical construction of language, of course, is to be taught in classes by teachers, and good examples for pupils should be taught by the correct use of language; then, after a little needed instruction in the first attempts at writing letters, pupils should be encouraged to write their own letters, even if they are clothed in language and expressions a little uncouth at first, thus preparing the pupils, while at school, for becoming independent writers and future self-reliant men and women.

Too much pains is taken by some teachers of deaf-mutes to have their pupils "show off to good advantage" in order to elicit credit for the teachers and flattery for the pupils, and to palm this deceit upon people at a distance a well-written letter, the work of a teacher, but purporting to be that of a pupil, is a very common means employed to consummate the fraud. This is a positive wrong, and in the end leads to dissatisfaction and bitter disappointment. Rather than raise the hopes of parents of deaf-mutes, by false impressions, to be finally dashed to atoms when the fraud is discovered, it is preferable to let them know what they are capable of doing themselves; the ultimate results for all concerned will be much more desirable—the parents will experience greater satisfaction, the teachers will be no less honored, and the pupils will receive greater and more lasting benefit.

To teach deaf-mute pupils lessons of self-reliance is one of the great needs of the present day, to impress in their minds principles embodying the correct usage of proper language is a long-felt want, and to fit that class for self-dependence is a thing greatly desired, and these objects can be better obtained by encouraging them at school to act for themselves, and be what they appear, than by encouraging them too much to depend entirely upon their principals and teachers.

NOT "THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

The authorities have been investigating matters in connection with the Texas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and it appears that they did not find everything progressing in a manner satisfactory to the public and in conformity with the requirements of an institution of that kind. The ultimatum, probably, will be an exchange of principals there at no very distant period, and doubtless the results of the investigation fully justify the exchange.

Mr. Jacob Van Nostrand, the principal of the Texas Institution prior to the present incumbent, was removed for political reasons, and General McCulloch appointed in his stead, because of the latter's adherence to the party in power. Mr. Van Nostrand, now a professor in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was our first teacher, he being at that time a teacher there, where he is again employed. We knew him, and still know him, to be a capable and conscientious instructor, a gentleman of sterling worth, and one who understands the nature and needs of deaf-mute pupils. Knowing the worth of such a man, and his ability for filling his position with honor to himself and profit for his pupils, we were from the first opposed to his removal, without cause, and the appointment of General McCulloch to the post. We felt that a wrong was being perpetrated upon Mr. Van Nostrand and that it was injustice to the Texas deaf-mute pupils.

Time has sufficed to prove that we were right in our conjectures. It was a "political move," a man unacquainted with the first principles of deaf-mute language was put in Mr. Van Nostrand's place, simply for political reasons, which should have no bearing whatever in affairs pertaining to educational institutions, and the result has proved a failure, to say the least, on General McCulloch's part and disastrous to the interests of the deaf-mute institution in Texas.

But no wonder; a transaction prompted by wrong motives is not unfrequently liable to end in wrong. Mr. Van Nostrand was removed because he was not of the right political "stripe;" General McCulloch was used to fill the vacancy because he was a like politician with the Governor of the State.

It was not a question of policy, but of politics. The harvest is apparent—waste of funds of the State and negligent care and improper training of the inmates of one of its most important institutions. How could it be otherwise when the representative head of the institution was not conversant with the means of communicating with the children confided to his keeping, and over whom he was supposed to have the entire general supervision?

His predecessor, Mr. Van Nostrand, was a hearing and speaking gentleman, but was perfectly conversant with the manual alphabet and sign-language, and hence he was a good medium between the deaf and hearing, and possessed a great advantage over him as principal of a deaf-mute institution. He is also a man of good principles, and of sound judgment, and therefore was in all respects competent to fill the position. General McCulloch may possess many brilliant talents, good in themselves, but it strikes us very forcibly that the principal of a deaf-mute school who does not comprehend the first rudiments of the language of his pupils is a poor illustration of "the right man in the right place."

It is certainly to be hoped that the services of a competent man will be secured to fill the important position of principal of the Texas Institution, irrespective of his political opinions, and it is also as much to be desired that when such a one is installed in office no political intriguing shall be brought to bear which shall drive him from the post and substitute another, who is incompetent to perform the duties devolving upon that position.

Letter from a Well Known Episcopal Clergyman.

We are indebted to the Rev. A. W. Mann for the following copy of a letter from a well-known Episcopal clergyman of Detroit, Mich., who spent some months in one of the Bahama Islands in quest of health:

EMMANUEL RECTORY, DETROIT, Mich., April 28, 1879.

MY DEAR MANN:—Can you send me a copy of the sermon preached at your ordination, by the Rev. Dr. Brown, and of the one preached by Bishop Stevens at the ordination of your brother deaf-mute? I want them to send to a gentleman in Nassau (capital of the Island of New Providence), who is very much interested in your work. Can you also add a copy of the report of the society (C. M. to D. M.) and any other documents on the subject, of general interest?

I hope you are well and that your work is progressing. I have quite recovered my health by my trip.

Fraternally yours,

J. T. WEBSTER.

WHERE IS MATTHEW CLARK?

CONCORD, N. H., March 31, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Esq.—Dear Sir:—Being anxious to learn the present residence or post-office address of Matthew Clark, and thinking it probable (as he is a deaf-mute) that he is a subscriber to your paper, I address this letter of inquiry to you. Mr. Clark was for some time principal of a deaf-mute institution in New York city, went from there to Omaha, and thence to California, several years ago, since which time his friends have had no tidings of him. If your subscription list will furnish any intelligence concerning him, or, if by any other means, you know anything about him, you would confer a great favor on his anxious friends by communicating such intelligence to me, at the above-named place.

Yours truly,

ROBERT M. CLARK.

[The above letter was received some time ago, and we immediately wrote to a friend in Kansas, who wrote to us two or three years ago that he had heard of Mr. Matthew Clark somewhere in that State, and have received no reply up to this time. We presume that friend, who is not a mute, has moved away. If any of our readers know of the whereabouts of Mr. Clark they will confer a great favor by writing to the editor of this paper or to Mr. Robert M. Clark, Concord, N. H. The writer of the above letter is mistaken in thinking that Mr. Clark was once principal of a deaf-mute institution in this State; he has never been, but, if we recollect right, he started a school in some western State, and afterwards abandoned it. Mr. Clark was our classmate for some years, and we have heard from all the rest, but nothing from Mr. Clark.

We hope some of our numerous readers will be able to give us the intelligence desired,—whether he is dead or alive, and where he is or was the last they knew of his whereabouts.—Ed.]

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

MAY 11th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 11th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Micah v.

2d Lesson—Acts vi.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Easter.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 11th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Nahum i.

2d Lesson—1. Thessalonians iii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Easter.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

SEND us, on a postal card, the names of your mute friends who don't take this paper.

BISHOP Gillespie confirmed a deaf-mute lady at St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., on a recent Sunday.

THERE are at the Tennessee Institution a boy and a girl, pupils, who can hear very distinctly, but cannot speak.

GEORGE E. BRONSON, of Franklin, Ind., contemplates settling on a farm next fall "on account of the plurality of officers."

The Tablet wants the officers of the West Virginia Institution to contribute, from their own funds, money to buy a croquet set.

J. T. BROWNING, foreman of the Kansas Institution cabinet shop, was married April 18th to a lady by the name of Miss Cummings.

SPIROKON S. WHITE, a former pupil of the Minnesota Institution, is employed in a shoe shop at Sheldon, O'Brien county, O.

AMANDA MAUPIN, pupil of the Virginia Institution, received a call from her father, and also some presents, while on his way home from Philadelphia.

MISS LUCY GILBERT has been in Rochester visiting her friends. She returned home to North Cohocton, N. Y., last week, after an absence of several weeks.

SUDDEN changes of weather have lately produced some colds and slight sickness at the Tennessee Institution, but the general health of the pupils is good.

ANNA SACHS, pupil of the Minnesota Institution, has been called home to assist her mother, who is in feeble health, but expects to return to school next fall.

MR. HOMMEL, one of the teachers in the Tennessee Institution, has lately suffered considerably from rheumatism, but has stuck to his duties in the school-room.

THE boys who work in the cabinet shop of the West Virginia Institution have completed a large library book-case, painted in oak colors, and it stands in the principal's office.

We have received a specimen of the *Story Teller*, conducted by Charlie Thompson, a pupil of the Minnesota Institution. It consists of four pages, and contains four very good stories for small children.

REV. A. W. MANN had a service and baptism at St. Paul's Church Flint, Mich., April 28th. The next day Bishop Gillespie, of western Michigan, confirmed a class, among whom was the candidate thus baptized.

THE clergy of the Diocese of Michigan held their annual missionary meeting at St. Paul's Church, Flint, Mich., April 29th and 30th. On the latter day they visited the institution in a body, and witnessed the usual exercises in the chapel and shops.

Mrs. GRACE J. CHANDLER, of this village, lately returned from Buffalo, where she went to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Evans. Since her return she has been quite unwell, and is now confined to her bed by sickness.

FIVE hundred tons of coal have just been put into the American Asylum cellars for next winter's use. We are all glad that this job is done, for the coal dust, rising from the cellars, was not very pleasant about the buildings. Coal is exceedingly cheap this year, costing less than four dollars a ton in Hartford.—*Daily News*, May 4, 1879.

THE wife of Mr. Small, the supervisor of the boys at the American Asylum, sprained her ankle quite severely recently, while visiting her sister at Belmont, Mass., so that she will not be able to return to the asylum at present. Mr. Small uses the electric pen to write the *Daily News*, since Mr. George Stone became unable to write it.—*Daily News*, April 29, 1879.

MR. H. C. HAHN has put up a very handsome sign in front of his drug store on Michigan avenue, Lansing, Mich., of a huge golden lion mounting guard over a mortar and pestle. It is carved of solid wood, and is a carver of some reputation in that State. The gilding was done by W. H. H. Boylan, a deaf-mute, of that city. It is one of the finest signs in the country.

THE Gallaudet cadets of the American Asylum have recently been supplied with red guns, for use in their company drill. The cadet company now numbers about thirty members, and has drill exercises twice a week under Capt. Slocum. The boys enjoy their exercises very much, and march and maneuver very accurately, by the aid of the eye alone. They will give an exhibition drill at the close of the term.—*Daily News*, May 1st.

Mrs. Bird has become able to leave her long invalid home at Wernerville, Pa., where she was sick at the time of Mr. Bird's death, and has arrived at her new western home at Vassar, in Michigan. She is not yet entirely well, but can walk about with the aid of crutches. Her furniture has arrived at Vassar, and her many friends will be glad to know that she will have a quiet and pleasant home with her sister, Mrs. Lane, who resides at Vassar. Mrs. Bird's post-office address will be at that place, for the present.—*Daily News*, April 28, 1879.

THE Gallaudet Base Ball Club of the American Asylum played a friendly game last Saturday afternoon with a picked Asylum Hill nine, upon the institution grounds. The game was very well played upon both sides, but was terminated during the ninth inning by the withdrawal of the Asylum Hill nine. The umpire, whose rulings had been acknowledged just then, gave the game to the Gallaudet club by a score of nine to 0, the Asylum Hill nine losing their eight scored runs by refusing to play the game through.—*Daily News*.

WE trust we will be pardoned for taking the liberty of publishing the following lines, from a private letter, written by Mr. Thomas Wild, principal of the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes, Montreal, Can., respecting the JOURNAL: "I have felt very much pleased with the contents of the JOURNAL during the last few weeks. The article on deaf-mutes as domestic help was to the point and you hit the nail on the head. About the abuse of signs you hit the nail on the head. It is clear that the JOURNAL is the best friend of the deaf-mutes, and it should be supported much better, and have a larger circulation."

WE are happy to yield space to an article which we cut from the *Standard of the Cross*, touching the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. We have read through the report with great interest, and have been surprised to find that society is in a really flourishing condition. But we deaf-mutes must not fold our arms and let our good friends Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann work themselves to death. By the way, we came across a notice of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in the document. Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Mr. Mann, Prof. Job Turner and others are its chief agents. They have a right to help increase the circulation of their chosen organ. THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is quite a power among the people, and we cordially bid it God-speed.—*Deaf-Mute Advocate*.

W. H. H. BOYLAN is a plain and ornamental sign writer at Lansing, Mich.

MR. EDAM, of Cleveland, O., is a cigar-maker, and lives with his widowed mother.

FRANK W. BIGELOW is employed in the Fairbank's Scale Works at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

THE fountains in the front yard of the Virginia Institution are being cleaned and repaired.

A writer says that Mr. Post (colored), formerly of the New York Institution, was lately in Cleveland, O.

It is only about a month before the pupils of the Virginia Institution will have their annual vacation.

MR. and MRS. MERRITT OSTRANDER, of Whiteport, N. Y., boast of a fine-looking daughter, born April 19th.

MERRITT Ostrander thinks the JOURNAL is a very valuable paper, and that he could not get along without it very well.

MISS MARY McMEALLY is a dress-maker and tailoress in Cleveland, O. She was educated at the Buffalo (Catholic) Institution.

DR. F. H. B. BROWN, of the Bridgewater Enterprise, lately called at the Virginia Institution, and was very pleasantly impressed by his short visit there.

MRS. JOHNSON, matron of the Virginia Institution, was lately summoned to the bedside of her brother, Dr. Howell L. Thomas, who had a stroke of apoplexy.

MATTHIAS MENNICH, of Cleveland, O., is earning an honest living by working in the street cleaning department of that city. His father was formerly the commissioner.

FRANK W. BIGELOW, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., recently attended, by invitation, some microscopic shows, in that village, two evenings, and enjoyed the entertainment very much.

JOHN WARD, Jr., who has been spending several weeks with his friends in Potsdam, N. Y., has recently returned to Montreal, Can. He reports having enjoyed himself on American soil.

MRS. M. BRAINER, a lady of education and refinement, is employed in the office of the Michigan Auditor-General at Lansing, Mich. She has never been to an institution to be educated.

AS 8-pound girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Hack, of Ben Davis, Ind., April 18th, and is to be baptized in the German Lutheran Church of Indianapolis, and will be called Wilhelmina.

It is rumored that Miss Jennie Boughton, who lately left the New York Institution, where she was a member of the High Class, is to be married to Mr. Ould, a graduate of the Hartford Institution.

L. N. JONES, of Richland, N. Y., lately purchased a fine new open buggy, of a stylish kind and substantial build, and we are thereby led to the conclusion that financially considered his condition is prosperous.

"WARREN is the most delicate emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates to write an answer; and one with a smile.

WILLIAM H. TORBACH, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., visited Mr. and Mrs. Ostrander and other friends at Whiteport last winter, among whom were Mr. Ostrander's parents, Miss Annie Igham, and Miss Nellie Franklin, of Philadelphia, who was visiting Miss Igham.

REV. SAMUEL ROWE's ordination services have been published in a neat pamphlet, which is for sale for the benefit of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission. Any one remitting 15 cents to Miss Myra E. Alden, Dixmont, Me., will receive a copy, post-paid, by return mail.

CLARA P. SMITH, formerly of Russell, N. Y., but now of Lansing, Mich., is occupied in her leisure hours in cravoning the portraits of some of her friends. Prof. Bradish, a celebrated artist from Fredonia, N. Y., now at Lansing, complimented the cravons of Clara.

MR. MERRITT LEWIS is employed in the State Land Office at Lansing, Mich., and is a one-legged soldier. During the war he was with a battery of artillery, and the discharge of pieces made him deaf. It is with considerable difficulty that he can talk so as to be well understood.

By a recent resolution passed by the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb the pupils are forbidden from taking part in any public game whatever. The fear of serious results from overtaxing of the body is said to be the cause of the new regulation.

WHILE renewing his subscription, one of our subscribers says: "I saw in your JOURNAL about housekeeping. My wife is such, but I had some knowledge of cooking, etc., before I married. So I taught her how to do some. Now I am very contented with her, for she is a first-rate housekeeper."

HAVING been appointed a supervisor in the administrative department of the New York Institution, Mr. W. F. Howell has resigned his position as captain of the Evangelical Club. A new election was held with the following result: W. A. Emmons, Captain; S. F. Sloat, First Mate; C. Hattuck, Second Mate. The secretary and treasurer still retain their respective offices.

MR. and MRS. JAMES LEWIS, of New York, who were married on the 25th of May, 1874, will celebrate their silver wedding on Tuesday, June 3d, 1879, at 8 p. m., at 205 West Eighteenth street. The celebration has been appointed for the third of June in order to enable Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who officiated at their marriage, to be present. On that day will occur the reverend gentleman's fifty-seventh birthday.

THE *Silent Observer* of April 26th contains a letter from George E. Bronson, of Franklin, Ind., who denies the assertion that he died last summer. Well, we suppose he is probably alive or he would not have written the letter referred to above, as none but spiritualists write letters after death, and we have no assurance that he belongs to that class of humbugs. The information of his death we copied from the *Observer*, but we are glad to learn it was a mistake.

W. H. H. BOYLAN, of Lansing, Mich., a painter by trade, is a smart, intelligent man. He has never been an inmate of a deaf and dumb institution. He does not know whether he was born deaf or not. He can talk quite well, but cannot hear. If he had had the advantages of an education at a first-class institution, we think he would have equalled some of the best deaf-mute professors who are now teaching. His wife, nee Miss Mary E. Elliott, is a graduate of the Michigan Institution and is a very excellent, bright and interesting lady. They have a very pleasant home and a son, a bright lad, eight years of age, who can hear and converse.

A good deaf-mute paper is an educator. It brings news from all parts of the civilized region; it bears fresh thought from the busy and successful workers in the field of usefulness; it emphasizes the distinct principles which involve their welfare; it encourages young people to follow the good example of their older schoolmates who have fought the battles of life; it urges them to lead a quiet, industrious and happy life. It is a bond of union, a pledge of fidelity, a seal of friendship in every household where its visits are received. In our dark days no potent influence for promoting our intellectual, social and moral welfare was unknown.—*Advocate*. [Good all the way through, therefore, whatever else you do, be sure to subscribe for the JOURNAL. Ed.]

Dr. Knight, late physician to the Illinois Institution, died on the 28th ult. He was distinguished for his excellent professional services.

ONE of the pupils of the Ohio Institution is laid up for collar-bone repairs, the injury being the result of too violent exercise while playing.

ON Sunday, April 27th, several distinguished members of the Illinois Legislature were guests of Dr. P. G. Gillett, superintendent of the Illinois Institution.

"Is the life of a merchant better than that of a farmer?" was debated at a recent gathering of the Cionian Society of the Ohio Institution, and decided by the judges in favor of the affirmative side of the argument.

JOHN COUNTENANCE wrote Joy. It would seem as if none could write anything else, but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down Hope. A third, with beaming countenance, wrote Gratitude. A fourth wrote Love; and other feelings still claimed the superiority in other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet with tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "Repentance is the most delightful emotion." He turned to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, "Why?" "Oh," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures which marks these mutes, "it is so delightful to be humble before God!"

DEATH OF COLONEL SMITH.

[*Mut's Chronicle*, April 26, 1879.]

On the 19th inst. there died at Akron, O., the first teacher of deaf-mutes in Ohio, Mr. Colonel Smith, who had reached the advanced age of 79. He taught the mutes of that section nearly two years before the Columbus Institution was open for the reception of pupils. The following historical sketch is interesting:

In 1827, in the family of Justus Bradley, of Tallmadge, Summit Co., were three daughters who were deaf-mutes. The sympathy of the citizens being excited in their behalf, it was found that there were in the neighboring townships a number of other individuals laboring under the same misfortune; and it was determined to commence a school for their instruction. For this purpose a Board of Trustees was organized, consisting of Rev. John Keys, Eliza Wright, Gray Treat, A. C. Wright, Philo Wright, and Alpha Wright. The school opened in May, 1827, under the instruction of Mr. Colonel Smith, a deaf-mute, who had been for six years a pupil in the Asylum at Hartford, and was continued two years. It contained in all eleven pupils, most of whom were afterward members of the school at Columbus. It was sustained by private charity, with the exception of \$100 given it by the Legislature, in 1828, towards paying the salary of the teacher. The same bill also granted \$100 for the next year, provided the school at Columbus did not previously go into operation. This last sum does not appear to have been drawn from the treasury.

DESPERATE DISEASES REQUIRE DESPERATE REMEDIES.

DEAR EDITOR:—I read an article in last week's JOURNAL, in which "Fair Play," mistaking my meaning, enters a sort of protest. Although I had almost forgotten about it, I, nevertheless, think I did not say that Mr. McFaul was the champion long-distance runner of this institution. If I did I was mistaken, and should have said that Mr. Mann was the champion long-distance runner here, and Mr. McFaul holds a similar title as short-distance runner of this institution, and is also one of the best runners in the United States, this latter assertion being the opinion of W. B. Curtis, one of the editors of the *Spirit of the Times*, and about the best judge of athletic sports in the country. A few months ago the Scottish-American Athletic Club held its winter games, open to all the amateurs. Mr. McFaul entered the 75-yards handicap race. He was placed on the scratch, and won the race in an excellent shape in 7½ seconds. How is "Fair Play" jealous of him who, by his superior running, is the champion 75 and 100-yards runner?

On Saturday, the 5th inst., the Columbia College Boat Club held its closing winter games at Gilmore's Garden. In the four-hour race there were 122 entries. Mr. Mann, of this institution, being among the members, and at the end of the third hour led the crowd and finally won the race, he having made 29 miles, and so gained a handsome gold medal worth about twenty-five dollars.

"Fair Play's" knowledge of athletic matters appears to be very small, and he seems to be affected with that chronic disease with which the *Leader* and many of its subscribers are now suffering an attack of the green-eyed monster.

I hope this will satisfy your doubting correspondent; if not I stand already to give him another dose of physic, as harsh cases requires harsh treatment.

RICHMOND, New York, April 28, 1879.

A SNEAKING PRACTICE.

Now that so many deaf-mute papers have come forward thick as the leaves of valambrosia, one or two writers, who seem to have the natural proclivities of a sneak, have assailed the correspondent of one paper by coming out in an attack in another paper. All fair-minded people will condemn such a sneaking mode of attack, while the assailed party will treat the same with the silent contempt it merits. All articles which appear in the columns of the JOURNAL should be answered in that paper, and the same with articles in the other deaf-mute papers.

FAIR PLAY.

All Eruptions of the skin removed by using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It also cures disorders of the Liver and regulates the Bowels.

Local Paragraphs.

Weather cool, but not very pleasant. There was a light fall of snow last Thursday.

J. B. Driggs was in New York on business last week.

J. C. Taylor has lately been spending a few days in Canada.

Captain Boyd will make extensive improvements on his hotel.

Cold winds from off the lake still prevail a large portion of the time.

Farmers say that a large portion of their land is too damp for plowing.

Will Heaton is learning the printers' trade in the Mexico Independent office.

Mrs. E. L. Huntington is so much better as to be able to ride out occasionally.

Will Spooner is occupying a lucrative position in Snow's drug store in Syracuse.

People are clearing away old rubbish and improving the looks of their outside premises.

Moses Dillon, lately proprietor of the Empire House, is keeping a hotel at Charlotte, N. Y.

We are pleased to learn that Robert Sharr's family are recovering from their recent sickness.

Ed. Stone, who has been west on business for some time past, came home last week.

Mrs. L. L. Thompson has recently been spending a few days with her mother, in Richland.

Several warm little showers in the early part of this week gave the grass quite a lively appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Antisdel, of Utica, have been spending a few days with their friends in this village.

Courtland Brown is having his house in Railroad street painted by Messrs. Harmon Ames and Anson Halleck.

Ex-Judge

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

BEAR THE CROSS AND WEAR THE CROWN.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Job Turner held a service for the deaf-mutes of this city, on the 27th of April, in St. Paul's Church. It was the first time he had held service here. He was favored with a large audience of deaf-mutes and hearing people, and was highly appreciated by us. Mr. Turner was very much at home in the pulpit, indeed, and there was an air about him that spell-bound us and the hearing people in general. His signs were graceful and eloquent; seemed to have all the influence desired. In his sermon he led our ideas in the channel of a heavenly life and an unfathomless yearning to be embraced in the arms of our Saviour, who is all love and mercy. Truly we felt the pleasant influence of his sermon, and for a time our earthly cares were forgotten. What can be compared to the love of God? Nothing. With love we govern our actions better than with any weapon. Through Christ's love we are redeemed, and by the love which we bear to Him we shall enter into eternal life and live with Him forever. How sorely are we often tried by Christ in this world for our love to Him. The Bible tells us "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Adversity, suffering, and sorrow come in like a tide; a space of comparative calm and serenity, and then wave after wave of trouble. Surely God gives us suffering and sorrow for our good. Our heart and flesh cry out to Him, and what a sweet consolation it is to know that "He is our portion;" that He is with us in time of affliction. Christ, who was once with us and bore our griefs, knows our frame. What do suffering, sorrow, and adversity bring? They bring knowledge, prostration and humiliation. One often wonders what are the uses of adversity. The answer comes, "Purified by sorrow, it is good for me to have been afflicted." It is seen all around us that man shrinks from the weight of the cross, and thus rejects Christ. We also understand that all cannot endure the suffering and sorrow that it entails. Hundreds drop into the grave, in youth, because the prospect is too grievous to be borne. Without adversity and suffering we would hold earthly things too dear. Grief does this for us. Something is needed to sustain us. In this stormy and stern life we are loved by Christ, and we ought to love Him because the strength of endurance is the test of Christ's love. Here, in this world, a cross to bear, and in heaven a crown to wear.

The above thoughts have been uppermost in my mind since Mr. Turner's sermon was delivered to us, and I have put them on paper, hoping they may find room in your paper, for some one who may be thinking on the same subject. I earnestly hope we deaf-mutes will all unite and become of one church, and do away with the ridiculous notions of sectarianism. We ought to stand united, and not divided, lest we fall. Let me say that it matters not to which church we go if we only learn about heaven. I tender my thanks to Mr. Turner, and will always welcome him whenever he comes.

A SUBSCRIBER.
Louisville, Ky., April 30, 1879.

COMMENTS OF AN OUTSIDER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Another outbreak among the deaf-mutes at the "Hub." If they only knew what an ill name they get for themselves they would blush with shame at such conduct. Provided by a generous public with more advantages, social, intellectual, and religious, than any other deaf-mute community in New England enjoy, it is the wonder of outsiders that they can behave so ill. Naturally with their superior privileges it is expected of them to improve therefrom, and furnish examples of good breeding, and Christian behavior, instead of having the reputation of being a hard set of rowdies, backbiters, and scandal mongers. However, from the JOURNAL, just at hand, I am glad to learn that the disturbance was confined to a few discontented ones from the former respectable John Hancock Hall Society, and that the majority did not join, or sympathize with the disturbers. "More Anon's" desire for Mr. Tillinghast to leave them is like the wicked and fickle Athenians, who would have deposed Aristides for no other reason than that they were tired of hearing him called "Aristides the Just." It seems to the writer that, after a long reign of rascals and rowdies as leaders of the deaf-mutes in Boston, Providence may have now taken compassion on them, and sent a good man, who means to do right by them. Under Mr. Tillinghast's wise, firm and kind rule, it is hoped for a marked improvement, and that the more respectable may be upheld and encouraged in well-doing while the evil-disposed are held in check. Let the good unite, one and all, until a thorough reform is wrought, so that when outsiders visit the Boylston Hall Society of Deaf-Mutes they may "behold how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Respectfully yours,
OUTSIDER.

—William F. McDonnell and Joseph Stern, of New York, were recently arrested for stealing from the store of E. C. Dunning & Co., jewellers, where the former had been employed as clerk. Five thousand dollars' worth of goods were missing, and a large amount of the stolen property was found in the young men's possession.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 29, 1879.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Saturday I arrived here from Frankfort, and held a service in St. Paul's Church, last Sunday, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Perkins, the rector, who read the whole regular service and my sermon to his large speaking congregation, and which I signed to a large number of deaf-mutes, whose fine appearance pleased and surprised me more than I had supposed. An interesting meeting it was to me, despite the threatening clouds. The rector did very well as an interpreter, to my great satisfaction. We shall, hereafter, hold combined regular services in the church three or four times a year, so much interested is he in the spiritual welfare of the deaf-mutes. After service the rector kindly invited the deaf-mutes and their friends into the chapel that I might be able to talk with them, as he was going to have a funeral service in the church.

After the conclusion of the meeting I took tea with Mrs. Mary Willard Fontaine, daughter of Mr. Willard, the founder of the Indiana Deaf-Mute Institution. There I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Maggie E. Fella, an occasional contributor to the JOURNAL. The day before, Mr. L. Rusk kindly showed me the way to Mrs. F's house. She treats Miss Fella as a daughter, and always invites her into the parlor when she receives calls.

Among the deaf-mutes present at the service was Miss Annie James Bodley, a deaf-mute lady of high rank. Though she was never educated at any of the deaf-mute schools, she can talk fast on her fingers and writes beautifully. She is truly well educated, and can convey her ideas with accuracy. She did spell well on her fingers before me. I will tell you how she obtained so good an education. She was taught at home by a highly educated deaf-mute, named John Gaxlay, of Vicksburg, Miss., now deceased. She mingles with good society, which is the reason why she can write so well. She has a very pleasant appearance, like a lady, and passes for a speaking lady. She does not use signs much, but always writes well with a pencil, and talks fast on her fingers. She must have been carefully educated. Mr. Gaxlay must have been a good teacher. I had the pleasure of meeting him in Cincinnati in 1848, when my wife and I were traveling west at the expense of a relative. We found him a tall, fine-looking gentleman, with black hair and eyes. I am told that he was a handsome man and a great favorite with the ladies of this city. This is the reason why he could make himself so clearly understood. Where he acquired so good an education is a mystery to me. They tell me that he came from Vicksburg, Miss. When he expired cannot be called to mind.

Another well educated deaf-mute lady is Miss Judge, daughter of the owner of the Louisville House, a nice hotel. She can write and make signs well, and can speak and read the motions of the mouth. She must be smart. The deaf-mutes of this city and its vicinity are generally intelligent, and are, I believe, doing well.

I have just received a card from Mr. Hammond, the principal of the Arkansas Institution, welcoming me cordially, which encourages me in my southern work.

I have enjoyed my visit at Louisville much more than I anticipated. I am thankful that I have made many warm friends here, which will, I hope, help me in my work. I am about starting south. Sincerely yours,
JOB TURNER.

THE FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD YET.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—And now George E. Fischer, hailing from away down east, apparently having more idle time on his hands than he well knows what to do with, and itching for notoriety, is seized with the mania for editing a newspaper, and has been trying to sound his trumpet to rally the deaf-mutes of New England to the support of a deaf-mute paper to be published in the wilds of Maine. Was there ever such assinine folly? With the JOURNAL, Mirror, Advance, and we know not how many more, what is wanted of another deaf-mute paper? Has its would-be-editor so little common sense as to suppose the deaf-mutes can support another? or does he mean to foist his bantling upon the overburdened tax-payers of Maine for support? If he will spend a little of his surplus spare time in figuring up the subject, he will find that such an enterprise during the present hard times, and with so many competitors already in the field, would be likely at the end of a year to result in a net profit of nothing. In conclusion I advise George the verdant to abandon his present wild-goose chase after wealth and fame, and concentrate the best powers of his mind upon the management and tillage of the productive soil of the good old Pine Tree State, assuring him that even a crop of cabbage heads would yield more profit than a deaf-mute newspaper. THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is good enough for me, and I am quite well satisfied with it.

Yours respectfully,
REX.
[The foregoing letter, written and headed by a Maine correspondent, shows the general sentiment of the intelligent deaf-mutes of New England. The correspondent has a clear insight into the subject. We suppose that because the JOURNAL has been published nearly eight years other ambitious deaf-mutes, blinded by overwhelming zeal and short-sightedness, think they can run a paper as well with profit. With no selfish motives in view, we assure such people that it is pre-

posterous to think so. It requires a large amount of money to run a deaf-mute paper until it reaches the point of success. It may be a little cheaper to publish a monthly or a semi-monthly paper, but such will never be as well patronized as a weekly of our size, for the latter publishes all the news earlier and republishes all of its contemporaries' news in a condensed form; and, at the low price of \$1.50 a year, of course, all will prefer a weekly paper. The JOURNAL has not reached perfection and has yet available facilities for improvement, in various ways, and if it could get better patronage, which all concede that it deserves, it would move forward at once toward the point of perfection.—Ed.]

A LETTER FROM WHITLEY.

SOUTH WHITLEY, IND., May 1, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—After my subscription to the JOURNAL, I am glad to say that I take great pleasure in bearing testimony to the merits of the paper as a most excellent one.

I have concluded to write a few lines for your interesting paper. Perhaps your readers, of this State, would gladly hear from us and some others.

We (Richards & Heck) have recently removed from our old establishment at Roanoke, Ind., and located permanently in this town, which is in Whitley county. Whitley is pleasantly situated, and easy of access. The population numbers four hundred, and it has a good number of stores, and a fine bank building, that was completed this spring. There is a magnificent Baptist church, erected last year.

The people are very sociable here; no aristocracy. The distance between South Whitley and Roanoke is 18½ miles, 10 miles from Columbia, Ind. Here is one shoemaking concern, and our friends recommend us to it as a first-class establishment. Business seems to be reviving.

This country is the perfection of beauty, and it is rich.

Last March I spent three weeks on a visit in Vermillion, Parke, and Clinton counties, in this State, with much pleasure. I was invited to stay with Miss Clara B. Dinsmore, a graduate of the Indiana Institution, at her relatives' residence, a delightful home, for a couple of days. She is a beautiful and pleasant country lady. She gave me a very cordial reception.

I boarded the train to Bloomington, Ind., and formed an acquaintance with Mr. Jno. S. Dare, a graduate of the Indiana Institution. He is a good gentleman of acquirements. I had the pleasure of staying with him and his folks for two and a half days. His father is a generous and pre-eminent physician, well known to the people of Parke county.

I was told that Mr. Dare contemplated starting up a new shoemaking establishment on his own account. Mr. Dare and I went to see Mrs. T. Begeman (a widow) out of town about one mile, and visited with her three hours, more or less. Her husband was accidentally killed by the cars while attempting to cross the track.

After spending a couple of days with Mr. Dare I went to Frankfort, Ind., a stylish place, where I had a pleasant conversation with Mr. Jas. A. Froun-felter and Miss Annie Ross, both graduates of the Indiana Institution. Before my arrival Miss Ross came from Indianapolis, after a three months' visit, where she was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Angus. She is a nice-looking lady.

My partner, Mathias Heck, (of the firm of Richards & Heck, manufacturers of boots and shoes), has hopes of spending a pleasant visit with his relatives and friends in Enochsburg, Ind., Cincinnati, and some other points during the summer if circumstances do not prevent. Germany was his birthplace. When a little boy of seven years he came across the ocean. He is unmarried.

There are three deaf-mutes in Roanoke, Ind., namely: Wm. VanArrold, Jas. H. Branyan, and Otis Rose. Mr. VanArrold is a blacksmith by trade; does repairing and shoeing, and is doing well. He has a fine speaking wife and three boys.

Mr. Branyan is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution. He and his mother moved to Roanoke.

Otis Rose is an ignorant boy, 7 years old. His father is keeping a drinking and billiard saloon.

My brother-in-law will start for Leadville in a few days in quest of a silver mine, which he proposes operating under the prospective free coinage bill.

Yours truly,
B. A. RICHARDS.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There was much disappointment expressed by a large number of deaf-mutes in New England over the postponement of the bi-annual convention of the New England Gallaudet Association last year. It seems a long time since there has been a good old-fashioned gathering of this sort. The Cleric memorial meeting, which took the place of a convention, proved little more than a mere *fiasco* owing to repeated delays, postponements, etc., and the meeting at Salem three years ago was a small one; therefore we now write to respectfully urge the officers of the New England Gallaudet Association to consider the propriety of appointing a convention for the forthcoming summer, to meet at some attractive place within the most convenient reach of deaf-mutes from all parts of New England. We all have a longing to meet old school-mates, classmates and friends once more; and besides this, it seems that it would be well to have the dispute over Miss Morrison's bequest settled and have the money put to use. Yours truly,
A FEW AMONG MANY.

Trying to Help the Journal.

MANDARIN, Fla., May 1, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—As there were two letters in the JOURNAL of last week calling my attention, one about the trouble in the Boston society and the other about the proposed new paper in New England, I wish to say something from my experience as an officer and member of the religious societies and as one of the managers of *Gallaudet Guide*, etc., though I have been absent from New England for nine years.

I am at a loss to know why they should have changed the name of the society so often, and don't feel ashamed of *perpetual* charity begging, as they don't pay their own membership fees, and don't raise any funds for church building. Now I don't see how they can manage harmoniously if they should have their own church as long as they are the members of the various *evangelical* (so called) church, and keep out the other church members, such as Unitarians and Universalists, but the charity money comes largely from the *despised* people. Even I have seen the said members prejudiced against each other's denominations. I am compelled to say that an independent deaf-mute government of religious associations or churches is a failure. My old associates (officers) should be convinced that they had done their best, and should wind up the business affairs and let their friends go to Gallaudet's mission. I wish to be understood that I don't intend to do the old friends an injustice, for they had so long worked hard and faithfully for the sinners' welfare, but had seen many unhappy hours and trouble in the management. I only wish to see them enjoy peace in Christ and rest the remainder of their lives. I mean free of *cares* in behalf of the *ungrateful* fellows. I think well of the Common Prayer, for the deaf-mutes, indeed, but I am not an Episcopalian.

As to the Industrial Home, I think well of it, but am afraid that it may always depend on public charity, and encourage the young, lazy mutes to look to the Home when they should go through the world on their own hooks. I know Mr. Sweet very well, and admire his worthy enterprise and qualifications for the position. I am exceedingly glad that he had helped my unfortunate former classmate, Alonzo Allard, out. The Home should be made self-sustaining as far as possible, and the soliciting agents ought to be kept much longer. Let the more fortunate mutes come to their relief. Dr. Howe used to call our people a "dependent class." How do you like it? I would be thankful if they would send me a report of the Home.

I don't see any necessity in New England of having a new deaf-mute paper. There have been several newspaper failures. Why should they repeat the useless enterprise when the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL simply answers their want? The low price of the new paper should be no inducement. The JOURNAL is worth double the price. Now they have the first-class weekly paper of their own that they had long needed—the JOURNAL. It is literally a regular *social letter*, giving us real pleasure in hearing the news, especially from New England. Last winter I was in South Georgia and East Alabama. There is no educated deaf-mute below Savannah, except two at Southwest and one at Albany, in Smithville Georgia. I am going to travel in North Georgia and northward next month, and will do my best to enlarge the circulation of the JOURNAL as it deserves, as well as to give you items. WM. R. CHASE.

REPORTED DEAD, BUT STILL LIVES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please mention in your paper that the rumor about Mr. Lloyd's death at Asheville, N. C., was unfounded. He was at Ogdensburg, N. Y., April 21st. Many years ago he spent a year in North Carolina, which State is rich in minerals. He made collections of value there. The large quantity of quartz was gathered, probably, because it might contain precious stones. He brought home specimens of amethysts, garnets, chrysolite, water crystals, zircon, &c. Mr. Lloyd, though eccentric, is very intelligent and well informed. He is fond of curiosities both in nature and art, fine scenery, etc. It is a blessed thing that deaf-mutes can enjoy even more intensely than others all the glorious and beautiful objects of sight which the world affords. Mr. Lloyd was educated for an artist, but imperfect health has hindered him from following his profession.

A. P. L.
Hartford, Conn., May 1, 1879.

—The steamship City of Rio de Janeiro ran down and sunk the Norwegian barkentine Velocity, about twenty miles from Delaware Breakwater, on the night of April 26th, in a dense fog. All the crew were saved excepting Gabriel Knudsen, the steward, and A. Jonassen, a boy.

—Peter E. Stevens was lately tried in Chicago, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for manslaughter, he having killed his wife. While he was being conveyed back to his cell an attempt to take his life was made by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Young. The pistol missed fire, and Mrs. Young was arrested.

—Pennsylvania follows Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont in the enactment of a strict law to punish tramps. She provides for a year's imprisonment for begging and three years for entering a dwelling against the will of the occupant, for lighting fires upon the highway, or for carrying firearms.

THE LUMBERMAN OF AROOSTOOK.

COPIED BY "CONNECTICUT LADY."

Edward Dudley walked homeward, with the darkest shadow of his life upon him. None of the lumbermen along the Aroostook were better known than he; young, active, powerful and skillful, whose ready jest and ringing song made him the favorite of all social circles, and whose unquestioned bravery and during in the perils which so often beset the lumberman's life rendered him one of the most useful men in the northern part of Maine.

Ned, as he was generally termed, had been the hero of more than one daring adventure. He had vanquished, with no weapon but a knife, a ferocious bear that had been the terror of the neighborhood for nearly a year; he had twice been the means of saving the lives of hunters when at the mercy of an enraged moose, and he had outstripped the fleetest runners of the Penobscot Indians, both on foot and with snow-shoes.

A man of such physical skill is sure to command the respect of his neighbors, and, when to these we add his genial disposition, it will be understood that his popularity was as extensive as his acquaintance. And Ned was happy as any man could be, until, as we have said, the great shadow of his life settled upon him.

Near the headwaters of the Aroostook stood the cabin of William Sherman, a lumberman of sixty years' standing. His family consisted only of himself and daughter, Edith, a *petite* little black-eyed creature, about twenty years of age, as keen-witted and beautiful a girl as could be found in the State of Maine if it were traversed from the Eagle Lake to the Saco. She it was who had caught the fancy of Ned Dudley, until he became so enraptured in her presence that he never could bring himself to spend a leisure evening anywhere else.

Edith was the envy of all her female acquaintances, for there was not one who would not have been glad of a smile from handsome Ned Dudley. But Edith was as saucy and independent as though he had been nothing to her, and it was this same pertness and independence that made her doubly attractive in the eyes of her suitor. He was as meek and docile in her presence as the lamb before its shears. Although she was sometimes self-willed and obstinate with him, yet it was not always so. There were times when her eyes sparkled brighter than ever at his coming, and when the resistance she made to the good-night kiss was very slight—so slight, indeed, as to make the heart of the brave lumberman rise almost to his mouth.

Edith gradually yielded, as any female would have done, and all was going well until a speculator made his appearance in the settlement of Riverton, and announced his wish to purchase a large quantity of lumber.

He was a dashing young gentleman, gotten up in a gorgeously stunning style, abounding with rings, and with the swaggering, self-confident air which is generally so effective among the unsophisticated of the female class.

In his wanderings along the Aroostook, he remained but a few days at the sparse collection of houses which laid claim to the name of Riverton, when he passed up stream and stopped at the cabin of Mr. Sherman for the purpose of obtaining his dinner. Here he was considerably struck with the appearance of Edith, and did his best to make an impression. She treated him politely, but the old gentleman took an extraordinary fancy to their visitor, and when he departed strongly urged him to come again.

Mr. Spargin was glad to give his promise, and he was sincere when he said he would make them a visit upon the very first opportunity.

When Ned Dudley called that evening, and learned that the speculator had spent a greater portion of the day there, he naturally felt some jealousy, and was indistinct enough to show it. This fired Edith, and she treated him so cavalierly that when he departed they did not bid each other good-night, and the lumberman resolved never to see her again.

But as the days wore on, and he learned that Mr. Spargin seemed to have forgotten entirely the object that had brought him into this part of the country, and was so assiduous in his attentions to Edith as to excite the general remark of the neighbors, he became so uneasy that he concluded to see her once more, and learn just how matters stood.

He called quite early in the morning, so as to reach there before his rival, and was met by Edith, whose surprised manner, when she found that it was he instead of Mr. Spargin, was not calculated to raise the desponding spirits of the lumberman. She coldly invited him in, but he refused, and stated the business that had brought him there. It required but a few words, and, when finished, she asked him by what right he undertook to dictate to her. He attempted to expostulate, but she would hear nothing, and, turning on her heel, left him to be entertained by her father, who had been drawn to the door by the sound of angry words.

And so Ned Dudley walked homeward, saddened and despairing, feeling as though it would be a relief to plunge into the roaring Aroostook and end his troubles at once.

When he met the dapper Mr. Spargin, walking busily toward the house of his fair one, it required a powerful effort of his will to keep his hands off from him. He could easily have taken him in his sinewy arms and flung him headlong into the stream; but Ned was not ready for any deed like that, and so he held his peace, and the two met and passed without exchanging a word.

It was early spring, and, as the lum-

berman walked along, amid his tumult of feelings, he did not fail to notice that the river was rising unusually fast. The thaw and breaking up of the ice near the headwaters of the Aroostook had been extraordinarily rapid, and he knew that on the morrow the river would be a seething, whirling mass of foam, rushing over its channel with tremendous momentum, sweeping all before it. It betokened labor for the lumberman, who had been gathering their logs and constructing their rafts during the past months, waiting until this rise, which would float them down into the St. John's, whose broad, sweeping current would thenceforth carry them smoothly to their destination. A vague fear began to disturb Dudley. The house of Sherman stood on the very margin of the river, and he had twice been drowned out during the past five years.

Dudley walked slowly along, listening to the roar of the falls and the dashing of the river, which was rising faster than he had ever seen it do before. "Sherman will be drowned out again," was his reflection, "and if he isn't very careful, he'll go over the falls. It would serve Edith right for the way she has served me; and as for that Spargin, it would be the best use he could be put to. But, still, I don't want Edith to suffer."

This fear so haunted the lumberman that he found it impossible to sleep. He lay most of the night listening to the roar of the water, and then rising up, walked toward the river. He found that the Aroostook had risen higher than he supposed. In the dim twilight of the breaking morning he could see logs and debris dashing down the current, as if freed from the throats of a hundred colubiads, while the rapids in front of his house, which had always been a dangerous place for the rafts to shoot, gave out an appalling roar and din like that of Niagara. In the centre of these rapids were several large rocks, around which the water generally rushed, leaving the black, ungainly excrescences almost untouched by the current; but now they were half submerged under the swollen volume of the river.

Directly over these rapids the huge rocks rose some thirty feet, the upper ledge projecting out like a shelf, so that a body dropped from this point would strike upon the huge boulders below, that were nearly in the centre of the stream. Dudley, in his aimless wanderings, made his way to this spot, from which he could obtain a better view of the current as it swept furiously toward him. On his left rose Moose Mountain, towering up almost to the clouds, and covered with the pine so common in the forests of Maine. As he stood looking down upon the seething caldron below, a faint shout reached his ear, and, turning his head, he saw four brother lumbermen within a few feet of him. The din of the rapids below made it necessary for them to shout to each other when they spoke.

"This will fetch the rafts down!" yelled one of the lumbermen. "Hasn't yours started?"

"No; mine is so high up, it won't be reached before noon," replied Dudley. "Where is yours?"

"Went off in the night!" laughed one of the men. "Yours must be pretty high and dry."

"So it is."

"Hallo! By George! what does that mean?" exclaimed one of the lumbermen, running in great excitement to the edge of the shelf and looking up stream.

The next moment the startling cry was heard: "Sherman's house is coming down the river!" Such proved to be the case. It could be seen swaying in the surging flood, and plunging toward the rapids, where it must inevitably go to fragments.

"Sherman must have escaped!" exclaimed one. "He could have seen the river rising!"

"No; look, there is some one upon the roof!"

"It is he! He is a doomed man!" "It is not Sherman; it is Edith, his daughter!" said Dudley, pale, and trembling with excitement.

"So it is," added another; "see her throw up her arms. O God! I must see her dashed to death before our eyes!"

"Fetch me a rope, quick!" shouted Dudley, hastily throwing off his coat, vest, and hat; "be quick! all depends on a rope."

Fortunately, the much needed article was close at hand.

"Now help me to tie it around my waist—hold."

But there was no time; the swift-flowing current was bearing the cabin so furiously onward that in five minutes more it would be beneath the rocks, and torn to pieces by the rushing rapids.

"I will take it in my own hands; keep a good hold."

Grasping the strong rope, Dudley swung over the rapids, and began rapidly descending to the rocks below. His companions, seeing the speed of the approaching cabin, lowered him so fast that in two minutes he stood upon one of the timbers which had lodged against the rocks.

He now found time to tie the rope securely around his waist, so as to leave his arms free for the appalling trial before him.

The cabin was tossed like an egg-shell by the heaving waters. Edith had seen Dudley, and reached out her arms toward him. He could see her lips move, but the fearful tumult drowned her words; but he was calm and collected, and his nerves were braced.

Nearer and nearer came the plunging house, until, when a dozen feet distant, it struck a rock just beneath the surface and separated. Edith attempted to cling to a piece of timber, but the violence of the current tore

her away, and she was borne swiftly toward the rapids.

Dudley gave a shout to warn those above, and then, as she disappeared beneath the foaming waters, on the very edge of the rapids, he sprang after her. There was a blinding shock—a rush of waters—a hell of tumult, and the gallant lumberman thought his senses were leaving him; but he struggled manfully, he felt her dress, her arms were thrown about his neck, and the next moment the sturdy arms above pulled him and his precious charge clear of the water which had been hurling them so swiftly to destruction.

Edith Sherman was a long time recovering from the terrible ordeal through which she had gone. It may be doubted whether any female ever had a narrower escape from a fearful death. She was borne to the cottage of Dudley's widowed mother, where every attention was bestowed upon her.

In the afternoon she had so far recovered as to sit up and converse. Dudley carefully avoided referring to the cloud that had come between them, and only inquired as to her condition of body; but toward night, when Mr. Spargin, perfumed, and as polite as ever, called to pay his respects, then Edith flashed up. "Ned," said she, "drive that man away, so that he will never show his face to me again."

Dudley was glad enough to do it. Taking the dapper young gentleman by the collar, he wheeled him about, and then and there inflicted such a chastisement upon the thunderstruck young fop that, baffled, chagrined, and enraged, he left Riverton as fast as his horse could carry him, and was never seen there again.

When Dudley returned to the room, and informed Edith of what he had done, she laughed, and a moment later burst into tears.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, feeling something of his old resentment. "Yes; sorry that you didn't punish him more than you did. Have you seen father?"

"Yes; he has been here twice, and, seeing that you were all right, has gone off to attend to his lumber. But what meant those tears just now?" inquired the lumberman with no little curiosity.

It was a long time before Edith would tell; but gradually it came out. She never had fancied Mr. Spargin at all, and only treated him with politeness to please her father; but when Dudley called on her, fretful, and unreasonable as a child, she concluded to punish him for his foolishness, and she left him a victim to all the pangs of jealousy, when, in reality, she never permitted Mr. Spargin so much as to take her hand, much less to kiss her. On the night of the freshest he had called; and, becoming alarmed at the increasing river, he resolved to remain all night. Mr. Sherman had gone up the Aroostook to look after his rafts, so that she had the benefit of his company. She was so frightened by the roaring waters, which, long before morning filled the lower part of the cabin, that she could not sleep. Just at daylight she felt the house moving. With a scream of terror, Mr. Spargin sprang out of the house, seized a small boat near the door, and by skillful rowing managed to reach a place of safety, thinking and caring nothing for her.

And this little explanation cleared away the cloud that had gathered in their sky and thenceforward the course of true love ran smooth, and all went merry as several marriage-bells.

A GRANDFATHER'S VIEW OF IT.

Cincinnati Enquirer.—Grandfather Licksbingle threw down the paper yesterday in disgust, and exclaimed: "It makes me sick, my gracious; it makes me sick!"

"What makes you sick, grandfather?" asked James.

"Why, here's another coachman runs away with his employer's daughter."

"It is certainly too bad," said James.

"And they got married the minute they got out of sight of her father's house."

"The poor, silly thing."

"Well, I should say 'the poor, silly thing'! I should also say 'the sap-head, the shallow-pate, the crazy, crack-brained imbecile,' continued the grandfather, in a lowering rage.

"The poor creatures are just from boarding school," said James, "with their heads full of romantic."

"Who's just from boarding school?" yelled grandfather.

"The poor silly girls are."

"Who's talkin' about girls?" yelled the old man, a little more savagely than before. "It's the coachman I'm a hittin' at. If I had a son, an' he was a good coachman, an' he would disgrace himself by runnin' away with his employer's giddy daughter, I'd spend my pension money in riotous livin' an' I wouldn't leave him one red cent to rub against another. Now, you hear your old grandfather quote Shakespear!"

—Portable gas is sold and delivered in England like milk.

—The population of our planet was estimated by the late Dr. Petermann, of Germany, at 1,429,145,000.

—A verdict of \$6,250 and extra allowance has been rendered in favor of Olney Carpenter against the Boston and Albany Railroad, he having been maimed for life last January, at Chatham, by being hit by a mail bag thrown from a train.

—French and Beavers drew revolvers in Johnsonville, Tenn., and pulled the triggers, but both weapons missed fire. French then stood motionless, as if paralyzed by fright, while Beavers coolly aimed at his antagonist again, and killed him.



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